

Elean. Morimer

THE *Bible of the*

BOOK *11631 aaaa3*

OF

ECCLIESIASTES

Paraphrased.

A

Divine P O E M.

By *A. HILL* *u*

Newcastle upon Tine,

Printed and Sold by *J. White*, at his
House on the *Side*. 1712.

ERRATA.

Page 3. Line 1. vanish'd. Line 5
Thing.



T H E

P R E F A C E.

I Have read, that wise Men among the Hebrews should say, that some thought to smother the Book of Ecclesiastes, because certain Words in it savour'd of Heresy. To free it from the Imputation, they took such as looked that Way to be the Sayings of Carnal Men. Some Greek and Latin Writers have followed them. And, I am doubtful, whether some among our selves, are not ready to interpret after the same Manner. But I have read also of an admirable Remark of Melancthon's to this Effect, There is much Difference between Philosophical and Ecclesiastical Sayings. The Church always supposes Divine Providence; whereas Prophane Writers fancy that a Blind Power troubles all Things that are wisely design'd. But would any One give himself the Leisure to read Dr. Patrick the late Lord Bishop of Eli's Preface; He will soon see, that His Lordship (may I be allowed to say with the Help of a learned Spaniard, Antonius Corranus?) has given such a large Account of
this

this Sermon, that every Common Reader may be satisfied in what Method it proceeds. So that there is not the least Occasion for Allowances of such a Sort. Solomon is certainly engaged, in a Search after Happiness. And, as He speaks the Truth from Experience, He seems to Me, to ground All upon this One Thing, Happiness never misses it's End. He who is in the Right Road cannot but know it; And we are never disappointed but to our own Cost. For this Reason, He divides Happiness into false and true. He has 6 Chap. upon One Head; and 6 upon the Other. Part 1st.

Having laid a Foundation for His Discourses in the 11 first Verses. He only speaks of those things, that are most likely to impose upon Men, and whereby, generally speaking, they are deceived. He tells us in the remaining part of the 1st. Chap. that (1.) Happiness is not to be found in Wisdom and Knowledge. For there is so much Toyl in the Pursuit; and so little got at last, that it's Nothing but Vanitie and Vexation. Others think fit to place it in Pleasure, but if in that abstractedly, it is downright Madness. And therefore He says only two or three Words about it. Chap. 2d. beg. Suppose tho' (2.) They should join Wisdom and Pleasure together, and make the One subserve the Other. That would not do; For, tho' He try'd the Matter to the last, Solomon found

The PREFACE.

iii

found Himself disappointed. To leave Knowledge for Pleasure is to Change for the Worse. And tho' We should again take up with Knowledge; Yet there are such great Imperfections in it, We could not possibly be happy with it. This throughout the 2d. Chap. The Imperfection of Humane Wisdom appears in this; In that it's confin'd to a Certain Season, or it can do Nothing. And as for it's use, it's no more than this. Contentment with the Order God has made. Observing fit Opportunities. Comforting our selves with what's present. Bearing all things with an Equal Mind. Chap. 3. 1.—15. But (3.) Some think Happiness is to be found in Dignity and Honour, in Title and Authority. But this falls often times into the Hands of Unjust and Cruel Men. Ver. 16——End. And miserable is the State of those, who are subject to them! Chap. 4. Nay, sometimes, the Church it self is corrupted by Male Administration in the State. And therefore He gives seasonable Advice upon such Occasions. Ch. 5. 1—8. Farther (4.) Some place their Happiness in Wealth and Riches. The Vanitie of which He demonstrates from (as some reckon them) 10 Considerations. Ver. 9———End, And the 6th Ch. is a Continuation of the same Argument, setting forth the Vanitie of Riches, in the Possession of a Covetous Wretch. Here Ends the first Part.

Part

Part 2d. *He shews that Happiness consists in the Fear of God. Which makes a Man quiet, still, and calm both in Life and Death. The shortest Account of it is this. Effects being better known than their Causes, Solomon teaches what the Fear of God is, by it's Effects. These are two, Wisdom and Justice. The one, teaches us what to follow and what to fly, that we may not be impos'd upon in our Choice. The other, instructs us in our Duty, to God, our Neighbour, and our selves. In these Two all Religion and Happiness is contain'd. The summary Contents of the 6 last Chapters are as follow. We must change our Opinion in many Things, and the Remedies for Trouble are, Seriousness, Mindfulness of our Mortalitie, Integrity, Meekness, Patience, Prudence, Caution in Conversation with Women. Ch. 7. Men would be still more Happy, if both Subjects and Princes would be advis'd and considerate; however Good Men should give no Public Disturbance, by seeking after Alterations, or Change of Government, Ch. 8. The Confusion of things here below should not move us to Discontent, much less to Rebellion: But dispose us rather to enjoy freely, with thankfulness and Sobriety, the Portion God has thought fit to give us. Ch. 9. We should endeavour by all Means to make our selves sensible of the great Blessing of Government; And bear with Grievances as a less Mischief than the*

Want

The P R E F A C E.

v

Want of it; *And so learn our Duty to the Government, in Turbulent Times. Ch. 10. And in Times of Peace, when Men have more Leisure for their Happiness, and a stronger Relish of it, nothing contributes more to it, than Charity and constant Works of Mercy. Ch. 11. And that Humane Happiness may be rais'd to the highest, He advises young Men to season their Minds, with an early Sense of God, and their Obligations to Him; that so they may have more Comfort in old Age; which, according to His Description, will be a melancholly Time at the best. Ch. 12. 1—7. He concludes with a brief Sum of the Scope and Design of the Book; and a Word or two of the Author to make every Reader the more attentive. And now, if any one shall think fit to reproach me, for Paraphrasing this Book after Mr. Sandy's; I shall readily tell him, that tho' I have read that Gentleman, I find not this beautiful Scheme and Method in Him. I have the same Excuse that Sr. Rich. Blackmore had, who Paraphrased Job after the same Author. Such was the late Bishop's Help. " I thought I might be able to supply some Defects
" especially in Relation to Perspicuity and Cohe-
" rence.*

Let the World, with all my Heart, pronounce so worthy a Gentleman, the Better Poet. I shall not only be satisfied with, but prefer the Character of a Preacher. The first Verse (or Inscription

ption rather) of Solomon, has annex'd Immortal Honour to it. The Words of the Preacher, the Son of David King of Jerusalem, i. e. (says the Bishop) These are the Words of Him, who thought the Name of a Preacher, or publick Instructor of God's People, no less honourable, than that of the Son of King David, whom He succeeded in His Throne, and reign'd after Him in the Holy City Jerusalem. A more general Instruction is what I have chiefly aim'd at, by the Language as well as Sense. I would advise to the Reading of this throughout, at one Sitting. Experience will convince, it's the best way to understand it, and by Consequence to reap the Benefit of it. To those who have more Leisure and Patience, the proper Parts of this Preface, should go a long with every Chapter; whether it be read in Poetry, or Prose. I should think it not amiss, if in both together. I have nothing to say of the Performance as it's Mine; But as the Sermon is Solomon's, I cannot but recommend a frequent Perusal of it, and pray, May God of his Infinite Mercy succeed it, for the glorious Purposes for which it was first written. Amen.

20 JY 64

T H E

THE
B O O K
O F
ECCLESIASTES
Paraphrased.

Chap. 1st.



*ALL here below's inconstant, empty, vain,
A meer Delusion, and unworthy Man.*

What anxious Thoughts our lab'ring
[Minds possess,

Now This, now That, a doubtful Happiness!

These wast our Strength, our flying Hours employ,

We rarely get, We never can enjoy:

A

Be-

Beside, so fleet our Days, scarce sooner here
 But We depart, and fresher *Forms* appear.

Earth stands unchang'd, and each deserted Place
 Receives the transient New-created Race.

The falling *Sun* his lofty Station gains,
 And with a Vital Rage His vigo'rous Course main-
 [tains.]

The veering *Winds*, tho' to each Point they change
 Through their Old Quarters have their Yearly,
 [Range.]

The *Sea*, through secret Caverns, will restore
 What Rivers so profusely gave before.

Thus restless *We*, 'till buried in our *Urn* :

But ah ! like them *We* never can return :

And restless too (unhappy Lott !) in vain,
 For so much Labour, only so much Pain.

False Charms beguile our eager Appetite,
 But cannot satisfy, or Ear, or Sight.

The Pleasures We pursue are ~~Vanish'd~~ hence,
Or idly sleep upon the baffled Sense.

This former Ages by Experience found,
The same Things run in endless Circles round.

For, tell Me if Thou can'st, the Thing that's New,
The Generations past the same can shew.

Few Things by them are Registred, I own,

As few by Us to Others shall be shown,

Nor shall We therefore be deceiv'd alone.

This is no Zealous Cant in Preaching Mood,

'Tis all Experience, and well understood,

When furnish'd with the Helps of Kingly Pow'r,

I strove the Depths of Nature to explore,

All that my Mem'ory to my Fancy brought,

Became the Subject of my working Thought,

But *Men* and *Action* what I chiefly sought.

A tedious Task! and Heav'n too makes it so,
To torture Man for Loving Things below

What then's the finish'd Work upon Review?
Much Ignorance; *More* Errors; Truths but *Few*,
And those of small Avail or Use to Man;
Thus is our Knowledge puffing, empty, vain!

Not all our Care Misfortunes can prevent,
We suffer still by some cross Accident.

Countless Defects, that We can ne'er supply,
Defeat our Hopes, and interrupt our Joy.

Perplexing Thought! But still I studied on,
Fondly presuming to procure Renown.

Was thought by All in Nature's Volumn Sage,
And Judg'd at last the Wonder of the Age.

But some learn'd Fools must have their Share of
[Praise,

And tho' not Merit, yet their Name shall raise-
What

What trifling Things such Men of *Wit* employ.

Subjects scarce fit to Exertise a *Boy*!

And yet (Eternal shame to Manly Sense !)

The World's impos'd on by a meer Pretence :

So *Wisdom* serves but to encrease our Grief,

And makes Us drag a dull detested Life.

Chap. 2d.

Thus grossly disappointed, I essay'd

A fresh Attempt; But a short Trial made.

See in what manner, Fool ! said I, He looks,

Who hates learn'd crabbed, Philosophic Books.

Dispel the Gloom, reform that sullen Face,

Laugh with an Air, and rally with a Grace.

This was brisk Madness, perfect Lunacy,

Not the least Shadow of Felicity.

Then

Then ~~strait~~, A middle Course I steer, and try
The Force of Pleasure and Philosophy.

Ne'er lost my Sense in Wine, nor Wit in Noise,
But us'd my Wisdom to refine my Joys.

Thus wond'rous Works I fram'd with wond'rous
[Art,

Stately the Whole, and beauteous ev'ry Part.

A lofty and Majestic Dome I rais'd,

On which with stupid Eyes the People gaz'd.

Within more sumptuous; and adorn'd around

With spacious Vineyards, that with Grapes a-
[bound
Profuse and gen'rous; Intermix'd, more near,

Parks, Forrests, Orchards, Gardens, Groves appear }
With Flow'rs, Herbs, Plants, and Fruit, thro' all }
[the Year.] }

The twining Boughs here form'd a lovely Shade;

There nigh broad Walks high-streaming Fountains
[play'd.
Here

Here Silver Streams with gentle Murmurs glide;
 There lesser Channells do their Course divide.
 These for Diversion stock'd with various Fish;
 Those the young Nurseries and Woods refresh.
 My growing Bus'ness still more Slaves did need,
 So some for present Work I bought, and some for
 [Breed.
 Vast Flocks and Herds my numerous Pastures fill'd,
 Twice fifteen Oxen, Day by Day, were kill'd;
 A hund'red Sheep; with Harts and Fallow Deer,
 Roe-bucks, and fatted Fowl; A constant Chear.
 All these diminish'd not my fruitful Store,
Judea never saw such Flocks, such Herds before.
 The Neighb'ring Princes wealthy Presents made;
 The *Tarshish* Navy drove a gainful Trade;
 Silver no more was valu'd as of Old,
 In greater Plenty now was massy Gold.

Musie

Music and Poetry were next my Choice;
 The finest Instruments, the sweetest Voice.
 Nature and Art together were combin'd,
 T'engage the Fancy and the nicer Mind.
 And oh! they govern'd both without Controul,
 Both charm'd the Ear, both sway'd the ravish'd
 [Soul!

Illustrious thus in Wealth and Power I grew;
 But then in Wisdom and in Knowledge too.
 These no Restraint to free Enjoyment gave,
 'Twas All the Satisfaction Man could have.
 I pleas'd my Sense, and pleas'd my Appetite,
 In Hopes such tedious Labours to requite:
 But ah! in Vain, This transitory Bliss
 Was Torment rather than a Happiness.

To Wisdom then I turn'd my busie Mind,
 To mark th' Extravagance of Humane Kind.

And

And where's the Man knows more of this than I,

From *Antient* and from *Modern* History?

I saw the Beauties of the Day, and Light,

From wild Confusion and Substantial Night,

Differ not more, than Wisdom, Wit and Sense,

From Folly, Whimsie, and Impertinence.

The *Wise* look all around, and Ills espy;

Blind blund'ring *Fools* rush on to Miseric.

This cautiously they shun, but *That* will come;

All have one common, and avoidless Doom.

Can Wisdom, then said I, no more avail?

Ah! who'd be Wise, If even Wisdom fail?

Alike we suffer here, alike forgot

Th' Experienc'd *Wise*, and unexperienc'd *Sot*.

The World, nor *Wit*, nor *Action*, can recall;

Death and Oblivion, are the Fate of all.

Who would not Life detest? Deceitful Life,

Swift Joys, slow Pains, no Happiness, much Grief!

B

But

But second Thoughts encreas'd my Fears the
[more;

These stately Fabricks, and this countless Store,
Must fall t' anothers Lot: But ah! to whom?
A *Foreigner* perhaps starts up into my Room.
Or, should kind Heaven give a *Son*, will He
Manage aright so great a Family?
Or idly wast the **Fruit** of all my Pains,
Thro' Luxury, and Pride, and Want of Brains?

This damp'd my Spirits, stop'd my growing
[Care;

I saw 'twas Trouble all, and sure Despair.
Like Instances I've seen, and with Surprise;
A prudent Man, just, diligent, and Wise,
Left his Estate to an ungrateful Son,
Who strait turns Fop, a Prodigal, a Drone,
And all upon his Lusts was quickly gone.

Small

(II)

Small Comfort this to a reflecting Mind!

Yet some dull Fools will persevere we find.

And on they drudge, in the *old* beaten Road;

They will be *Rich*, and heavily they plod;

Spare sleep to rack their Brains, and all to get,

But no *Enjoyment* tho' a large *Estate*.

Oh *Force* of Madness! Wretch, think once again;

Call'st thou not This, vexation^u~~s~~, idle, vain!

Look upon all below as freely given,

The wise Disposal of All-bounteous Heaven.

Throw off all pensive muddy Thoughts, and try

To eat, drink, spend, give; and thus for *once* en-
[joy.

Here lyes the Pleasure, *Here* thou'lt find Delight!

'Tis this alone thy Labours can requite.

A Truth I've by Experience found; but then

'Tis *God alone* vouchsafes this *Gift* to Men.

To Him that's Good, he grants a gen'rous Heart,
 Freely to use, and freely to impart.

Tranquillity of Mind to ease His Grief,
 And sense of Love Divine to sweeten Life.

But oh! how greedy Mortals tug and sweat,
 Eternal Drudges to a vain Estate!

They *toil* and *moil*, and after all their Pains,
 The *Good alone* divide the *dear-got* Gains.

Thus dire Vexations foolish Sinners seize!

And strange misgiving Thoughts afflict the Good
 [and Wise!

Chap. 3d.

To no *one Thing* can *Happiness* be fix'd;
 God will have all with Care and Prudence mix'd.
 To Nature *He* it's varying Course assign'd;
 Thus for all Changes we a *Season* find.

An Infant do's not to Perfection come,

Till nine Months Growth exclude it from the
[Womb;

Grows Man with Years; 'till Food no more can save

Or Strength, or Life, then drops into his Grave.

So to it's season We our Purpose suit;

According as We sow, we reap the Fruit.

Who'd give a Potion to a dying Man?

Yet Doctors heal a Patient if they can:

Or build? when Rains the mouldring Cement waft;

And not pull down a threat'ning House as fast.

We weep and laugh, where the just Causes meet;

We dance at Nuptials; and at Fun'rals sit

All drown'd in Tears; and thus each Passion's fit.

When noxious Stones in fruitful Fields abound,

The lab'ring Hind disperses them around;

Then gathers them agen, with equal Pains,

To fence His Fields, and to secure His Gains.

The

The Marriage Rites won't hallow each Embrace,
When God commands that Pietie take Place.

When are the most industrious Merchants made,
Successful Gainers by each Part of Trade?

Or who can to His Treasure still add more,
And ne'er diminish the encreasing store?

In sad Disasters we our Garments tear;
Those past, we sew them with Religious Fear,
Silent we view at first tumultuous Grief;
The Force allay'd, administer Relief.

At first Appearance we the Man may love,
Whom, better known, no longer we approve.
Their Right invaded, all cry out, *To Arms*;
Secur'd; We hear no more War's loud Alarms.

Thus all's or out of season, or a Good
Hast'ning with this so strange *Vicissitude*.

Hard Fate! that we must labour, toil, and sweat,

And not one solid, lasting Pleasure get!

In *Nature's Opposites* what Beauties Shine!

And are there *none* in *Government Divine*?

And have **We** **Wisdom** giv'n, and not to learn?

But ah! how small a Portion we discern!

Amaz'd, we contemplate a Scene or two;

The present State of Things is all in View:

To give Account **Exact** is more than Man can doe.

Where then's the *Good*? 'Tis with a pious Sense,

To enjoy the bounteous Gifts of *Providence*,

With Chearfulness of Mind, and large Beneficence.

Vain are our Murmurs; fix'd is *God's Decree*,

Changeless as *That* our *Fear* of Him should be:

While with like constant Revolution hurl'd,

We see the *Nat'ral* and the *Moral* World.

NEXT

NEXT, *Magistratic Greatness* I survey'd,
 Survey'd it oft, and wise Reflections made.
 Justice oppress'd, deserted every Throne;
 And Tyranny in Robes of Honour shone.
 Nor can the *Royal Pow'r* it self prevent,
 This constant *Plague* of *Humane Government*.
 But, tho' Force triumph *now*, the Time *shall* come,
 When the last Judge shall give to all their Doom.
 But ah! I wish'd that God would make them see,
 What themselves are, strip'd of Authoritie!
 More *Brutes* than whom they scorn; for Beasts and
 [They
 Have a like Breath, and shall have like Decay.
 Th' Original of Both the same; and must
 Moulder at last into their *Native Dust*;
 There sink the *Beasts*, and there they perish whole;
 And these forget their own *Immortal Soul*.

Thus

Thus Humane Pow'r, will Humane Life annoy!

We see nor what's to come, our Portion's to enjoy.

Chap. 4th.

Such *Sycophants* as these bear down the *State*,
Force, Fraud, and Calumny's a heavy Weight.

Drown'd in their Tears behold the sinking Crew,

Whom None dare chear, fearing th' oppressing
[*Few.*]

Who'd praise the *Living* ! Better are the *Dead* :

Best the *Unborn*, who never felt their Dread.

Besides; What Pains do self-Tormentors feel?

Strife, Envy, Emulation, bitter Zeal,

If neighb'ring Art, or Industry prevail.

To shun th' Effects of Tyranny and Hate,

Fools think by *Sloth* to find a happy'r State;
C Them-

Themselves, tho' starving with a *Proverb* please,
Better than Two's One Handfull, and with Ease.

Nor is this All ; Men multiply their Fau'ts,
 As I soon saw upon repeated Thoughts.
 He who no Child, nor Brother has, nor Heir,
 Pinches His Belly, racks His Mind with Care;
 Still adds without Enjoyment to His Store ;
 Knows not for *Whom*, But never will be *Poor*.
 Horrid Vexation ! Labour without Need !
 This is a senseless, fordid Wretch indeed !

'Tis Wisdom to enjoy ; but Wiser He
 Who to Enjoyment joins Society ;
 'Twill Crown their Labour with more Joy and
 [Peace,
 And more successfully preserve their Bliss.
 When *One* Friend falls, the *Other* Friend may stand,
 And kindly help with charitable Hand.

Two against Danger is the best Defence,
 The *Social Bed* has a warm Influence.
 Hostile Assault better can Two resist,
 A Triple Cord will bear the Force of Fist.

But Friendship's more than cunning close Intrigue,
 Wisdom and Conduct's in the vertuous League.
 A poor wise Child a brighter Worth adorns,
 Than a perverse old King who Counsel scorns;
 The One from *Prison* rises to a *Throne*;
 When *Right Hereditary* drops the *Crown*.
 Or, following the *Young Prince* the *Old* they shun;
 Men seek the *rising*, not the *setting* Sun.
 The Fickleness of People knows no End,
 To Novelty and Hope they always bend.
 Pow'r tho' Imperial still's unworthy Man;
 All's but vexatious, dang'rous, tempting, vain.

Chap. 5th.

Oft is the *Church* corrupted by the *State*,
 But Care and Prudence will those Ills abate.
 Frequent the House of God ; with Rev'rence there,
 Approach His Presence ; and His Precepts hear,
 Rev'rend alike in Body and in Mind,
 Let Folly no Excuse in Worship find :
 The Body ought thus to subserve the Will,
 And Sacrifice without the Heart is Ill.
 Avoid the Riot of a hasty Tongue,
 Lest wanton Thoughts should on each other throng.
 Vile is thy Birth, and mean is thy Abode,
 Circled with Glory in the Heav'ns is God.
 Thy Duty mind, Thy solemn Vows review,
 The Caution take, and let thy Words be few.

Distracted Dreams proceed from toilsome Cares;

And Fools, by many Words, but prate their Pray'rs.

Vow'd Promises compleat without Delay,

Fools only promise what they never pay.

Neglect, without a Vow, is better born;

A Vow unpaid is but an impious Scorn.

Rashly engage not, lest thy Word thou break;

For Humane Nature's frail, and Flesh but weak:

When Vows are in th' *Angelic Presence* made,

Canst thou, for Absolution, *Error* plead?

Ah! why should God be angry at thy Voice?

And ruin that Estate, with which thou might'st
[rejoice?

A Multitude of Dreams and Words, are odd;

They're endless Vanitie: but fear thou God.

Wonder not *Now*, at the abuse of Pow'r;

But if thou seest the Great (to say no more)

Per-

Perverting Right ; Remember, above them,
 Almighty God has plac'd the *King supreme*.
 If He o'relook the Justice of the Laws ;
 By Higher Angels *God* will vindicate their Cause.

The fruitful Earth so rich Abundance yields,
 That Kings are serv'd by Tillage of the Fields :
 Yet, greedy Mortals, not content with This,
 Will dig for Mines, for a more large Encrease :
 But do they think *Herein* to find their Bliss!
 The longing Wretch SILVER can't satisfy ;
 But *num'rous Ills* attend His Vanity.
 Increasing Riches have a growing Charge ;
 Large the Estate, the Family's as large.
 His Sleep's disturb'd, distracted by His Wealth ;
 His *Slave's* ~~sis~~ sweet, and with much better Health.
 'Tis a tormenting sick'ning sight, to see
 How Treasures tempt to fatal Treachery.

By signal Turn of Ill sometimes they're gone ;
Nor Hope is left for the deluded Son.

As He came *naked*, from His Mother's Womb,
Return so shall He, *naked* to His Tomb.

A fore Vexation to a plodding Mind,
To labour only for the empty Wind.

He's Wretch enough, who nothing has in Death ;
In Life, but Darkness, Sorrow, Anguish, Wrath.

" *The Good* (I've said) is with a pious Sense,

" To enjoy the bounteous Gifts of *Providence*,

" With Chearfullness of Mind, and large Bene-
ficence.

" The Gift is *God's* ; He grants a gen'rous Heart,

" Freely to use, and freely to impart ;

" Tranquillity of Mind to ease Our Grief,

" And Sense of Love Divine to sweeten Life.

Chap.

Chap. 6th.

This Heavenly Gift is sought by *Few* or *None*;
 So great's the *Mischief*, and so *common* grown.

A *wealthy*, *rich*, *substantial* Man, who may
 Supply a wanton *Wish* without *Delay*:

Dares, yet, not meddle with the *sacred Store*,

Which (grievous to relate!) A *Stranger* shall de-
 [your.

Should many Children crown His *Nuptial Bed*,

And *Years* mark out a *venerable Head*,

Posterity's His *Care*; And, *After All*,

He'll grudge the *Charges* of a *Funerall*.

Vain is His *Birth*; His *Death* and *Name* obscure:

So is th' *Abortive's*; But He's better sure,

Who never knew what 'twas, a *sense* of *Pain* to en-
 [dure.]
 Tho'

Tho, double to *Methusalem's*, His Life,
 He dyes with equal Load of Years and Grief.
 His restless Labour gave a restless Thirst;
 And thus encreasing Years would still be curs'd.
 Curb not Desire, What art thou but a *Sott* ?
 That poor Man's Wife who *manages* His Lott.
 'Tis better to be pleas'd with what We see;
 Wand'ring Desire's vexatious Vanity.
Man can but get *Renown*, but can't prevent
 The Force of any *One* cross Accident.
 Who can be happy with encreasing Pain?
 What sad Variety of Ill makes Riches vain!
 Who knows, of this vain fleeting Life, the *Best*?
 Or what shall be in Time? *Who then can find a Rest?*

Chap. 7th.

The wish'd for Rest, the Happiness *He'll find,*
 Who, taught by Wisdom, learns to change His
 [Mind.
 What cheering Odours precious Ointment gives!
 Better the Name of Him who vertuous lives:
 His Day of Death, to that of Birth's preferr'd;
 To Trouble, born; with joyfull Hopes, interr'd.
 Better's a Fun'ral than a Feast; their End
 The Living lay to Heart, and soberly attend.
 Better to grieve, than laugh by sudden Start:
 Dejected Looks oft give a serio^us Heart.
 The Wise in Death, and mournful Scenes delight.
 Fools divert always to the gayer Sight.
 Better's the Wisdom of severe Reproof;
 Than smiling Flatt'ry, Song, and fulsome Stuff.
 Thorns,

Thorns, with a Blaze, make but a spatt'ring Noise:

Brisk jolly Fools have only spurting Joys.

Oppression will a Man of Sense distract;

And He who's brib'd, will aga'nst Conscience act.

Judge not Beginnings, but the End abide:

Patience in Spirit, better is than Pride.

Suppress the Motions of an eager Mind;

Fools only are with Rage and Anger Blind.

Nor rashly of the present Age complain;

Men have been bad, and will be so again.

Let not thy Vertue an *Estate* disdain;

Better's a *wealthy*, than a *poor* Wise Man.

Wisdom and Money both, are a Defence;

Life-giving Knowledge has the Preference.

Of *Sov'reign Pow'r* think with a serious Sense;

How vain to give a *Turn* to *Providence*!

God's Blessings with a chearful Heart enjoy ;

Let not Affliction better Hopes destroy :

All is by Him to such a Ballance brought,

That None can have just Reason to find Fault.

Life's vain I know ; acknowledge too I must,

Integrity can't always save the Just :

The Wicked long in sinful Ways proceeds,

And boldly triumphs in His impious Deeds.

But *rigid* Vertue looses it's Defence,

Warm, forward Zeal provokes to *Violence* :

And Crimes at last, when they enormous grow,

Precipitate a Villain's Overthrow.

Then be advis'd, and Moderation use ;

To shun th' Extremes, thou must the Middle chuse.

The *Middle* is the safer Way to steer ;

Compleat Deliv'rance flows from *Godly Fear*.

Not

Not more the Mighty can a Town protect,
 Than He alone whom Wisdom shall direct.
 But none on *Earth*, so *Perfect* yet have been,
 Whom *No Temptation* has surpris'd to *Sin*.
 Detraction sometimes finds a list'ning Ear;
 Men should be always cautious what they hear.
 Thy Servant may, perhaps, bolt out a Curse;
 Thy conscious Soul will charge thy Self with Worse.

My Guilt I own; I said I would be wise;
 But ah! how often catch'd by a Surprise!
 What's past, I thought I never should have done:
 Once plung'd, Who knows but he may still go on?
 Yet Wisdom I explor'd in ev'ry Part,
 And search'd, withoutmost Diligence, my Heart.
 To fix my Resolutions; I survey'd
 What form'd a Fool, and how a finish'd Sott was
 [made.
 WOMAN

WOMAN does all ; Her wily *Heart's* the *Snare* ;
 The *Captive's* kept by Her *Hand's* busie *Care*.
 While *Sinners* by Her tempting *Charms* are won ;
 By *Grace Divine* Her *Conversation* shun.
 Singly I reckon'd to find out th' *Account* ;
 Resolv'd to know, *how high* it would amount ;
 Of MEN ; among^a *Thousand*, *Honest* ; *One*.
 Of WOMEN ; *modest*, *humble*, *vertuous* ; *None*.
 Th' *Almighty* made *Man* upright at the first ;
 But, since, they're with their own *Inventions* curs'd.

Chap. 8th.

Is that *Man Wise*, who struts with *haughty Brow*,
 Solving all *Doubts*, and answ'ring *What*, or *How* ?
Wisdom's benign, kind, gentle, with a *Grace* ;
Humility in *Heart*, and *Glory* in the *Face*.

I charge Thee then, indulge no fullen Mood;
 Consult Self-Safety, and the Public Good.
 Keep sacred the Commandment of the King,
 And mind, the Oath of God's a solemn Thing.
 Leave not the *Royal Presence* in a Fume,
 He'll quash thy Pride, if thou but dare presume.
 Force backs his Words, and canst thou ever deem,
 To question, or controul, the *Pow'r Supreme*?
Obedience knows no Sorrow; if thou'rt Wise,
 Petition for Redress, or seas'nably advise.
 Each Purpose has it's Season, which if lost,
 We strait are with a Thousand Mischiefs cross'd.
 None can *Like Opportunities* retrieve;
 And *Distant Probabilities* deceive.

A wise Prince should ev'n His own *Pow'r* controul;
 He governs *Bodies*, but can't rule the *Soul*.

Nor

Nor long the Reign; He and His Subjects must
Submit a like, and moulder into Dust.

Nor can He rule the doubtful Chance of War;
Nor th' inward Hatred of His Subjects bar.

Vengeance Divine, oft Tyranny brings down;
And *Arms* revenge th' Injustice of the *Crown*.

Surveying the *Polittic World* at large;

I spy'd some sinking with their heavy Charge.

Those who were in the *Cittie High and Great*,

Who *once*, as *Gods*, sat in the *Judgment Seat*,

I saw their fun'ral Pomp, and num'rous Train;

But all was *soon forgot*: How *empty* this! How *vain*!

The Execution of their Doom delay'd,

Fill'd are Mens Hearts to sin, by Nothing they'l be
[stay'd.

Long may a *Tyrant* ravage, long oppress

His meeker Subjects; But the *Lord* will bless

All thole who fear Him, and (for it is juſt)

Will recompence, at laſt, their pious Truſt :

But the *Bold Wretch*, who *Providence* defy'd,

Sure Vengeance, if not *ſpeedy*, ſhall betide.

But ah! afflicting Thought! ſtill, ſtill we ſee,

Examples of triumphant Villanie :

And Vertue, by a ſad Reverse of Fate,

Share all the Miſ'ries of a Vitious State,

But let not this o'erwhelm Thee ; think again,

And, faſt in Mem'ry, what I've ſaid, retain :

Throw off all penſive muddy Thoughts; and try

T'eat, drink, ſpend, give; and then Thou ſhalt en-
[joy.

With reſtleſs Labour I've apply'd my Mind,

For all theſe *Inequalities* to find

A Reaſon ; But I found the Search was vain,

Twill never be found out, by all the Wit of Man.

Chap. 9th.

With the *last Pains* I only could declare,
 The Just and Wise are the *Almighty's* Care.
 But *Love* and *Hate's* not known by *Providence*,
 All undistinguish'd share alike *Events*.
 Promiscuous fall in War; or in a Pest:
 Storms, Shipwracks, Inundations, reach the *Best*.
 The bold, blaspheming, perjur'd Villain thrives;
 And He, who dreads God's Name, no better lives.

Some, from this Mixture, wild Conclusions make;
 And, to their very Graves, a frantic License take,
 There drop their Hopes; In gloomy Darkness dwell:
Beggars, with Life, a mould'ring King Excell.

They've

They've Sense and Relish, Other's do but rot,
Perish in Silence, And are soon forgot.

We feel their Hate, and court their Love no more,
Honour and Wealth's no longer in their Pow'r.

Let *Death* then to a *cheerfull Life* excite;
Heav'n's pleas'd, and eager Joys thy Heart invite:
Be thy Apparel fresh, and free thy Air;
Pour breathing Ointment on thy shining Hair.
Solace thy self with a young Vertuous Wife,
There, there, thy ravish'd Soul will feel the Charms
[of Life.

But let not Joys in *Dissolution* end,
Pleasures sincere to *vig'rous Labour* tend.
Now ply thy Mind, nor vainly think to have
Art, Science, Wisdom, Vertue, in the *Grave*.

But for all these, thou must on *God* rely;
The Swift, and Strong, may miss of Victory.
E 2 Wisdom

Wisdom may starve; and Wit want Bread; and
[Skill

Not Favour gain: So accidental's Ill;

Nor can we shun it, with our utmost Care:

Like Fish, and Birds, expos'd to Net and Snare.

But Pollicy is Good: I saw a Town

Ill-garrison'd, and but of small Renown.

A King, with all His Forces, seint appear'd:

Intrench'd His Army, and His Batt'ries rear'd,

Summons Surrender. *One Man* did oblige

This *potent Prince* at last to raise the Seige.

The Citizens All knew the *Stratagem*;

But never would record the *poor Man's* Name.

The Grave in Counsel, Valiant Youth excell:

The senseless Crew despise a poor Man's Skill.

We hear with modest Silence Wisdom's Rules;

We scorn the noisie Cry of huffing Fools.

Courage

Courage *assails*; But Conduct will *debate*;

A *forward Mighty Man* o'erthrows a *State*.

Chap. 10th.

But Wisdom must have still it's proper Guard;

A little Folly loses All Reward :

So deadly Flies in Aromatic Oil,

Will the most artfull Composition spoil.

The Judgment of the Wise is at Command;

His Heart is at the Right, the Fool's at the Left-
[Hand.

An awkward Mien His silly Soul betrays;

But Action most the senseless Thing displays.

Leave not the Court lest thou the King incense;

Submission will atone for great *Offence*.

The Prince, Sometimes, is guilty of a *Fau't*,

And what He does, proceeds from *Want of Thought*.
Folly

Folly and Vice is honour'd with a Place,
When vertuous Quality is in Disgrace.

With Pomp and Equipage *meer Slaves* appear;
And *lacq'ying Princes* to their State defer.

But let not Rage provoke Thee *to rebell*,
The Consequence of that Old PROVERB Still
He falls into it, who has digg'd a Pit.

Who breaks a Hedge is with a Serpent bit.

Pull down a House, thou'rt with the Weight o'er-
born.

He who cleaves Wood, is with the Shivers torn.

It'n must have Edge, or 'tis an awkward Tool;

And Men, if they'd be Wise, must walk by Rule.

A Serpent's sure to bite, without a Charm:

To slander Government is no less Harm.

The Wise by Words promote the Public Weal:
A Fool goes on to His own Ruin still.

Folly

Folly begins, and Madness ends the Tale,
 Full of Himself, in Nothing thinks to fail;
 Starts Questions about *Government* and *God*;
 But scarce knows *One Thing* in the *Common Road*.

A reigning Child, with a licentious Court,
 Mark out a State for Plagues of ev'ry Sort.
 But, Oh the happy Nation! where the Crown
 Shines with a brighter Glory than it's own.
 When Vertue's seen at Court in proper State,
 And, upon Business, Pleasure's made to wait!
 Kingdoms and Families alike decline,
 By sluggish Tempers, and by Souls supine.
 Mirth would exhaust the Treasure of the Land;
 But, where there's Money, All is at Command.

Yet when Corruption's crept into a State,
 Beware lest farther Mischiefs thou create.
 Curse

Curse not *the King*, no not in inmost Thought;
 Nor say the *Present Ministry's* in Fault.
 For Providence, to punish Rebels, will
 By some strange Way, thy secret Hate reveal.

Chap. 11th.

Patient Obedience will preserve *thy Peace* ;
 But *Charity Divine* must *Crown thy Bliss*.
 Give Food to such, whose falling Tears demand
 Relief from some kind charitable Hand ;
 Tho' a Return thou canst expect no more,
 Than back the Floods their floating Charge re-
 store :
 That never can be lost, that's given to the Poor.
 Profusely give, be Numbers no Excuse ;
 A Charity so try'd is no Abuse :

For

For ah! who knows but such may be thy State?

We often see as sad Reverse of Fate!

Observe the Clouds, whence countless Blessings
[fall]

In fatt'ning Show'rs that are dispers'd on All.

Mind too as Trees, when funder'd from the Root,

No more Recover their lost Life and Fruit:

So thou by Death e're long shalt useleſs be,

And *Now's* the only Time for *Charity*.

Seed-Time and Harvest may be lost, if Men

Fear ev'ry Wind, and Cloud that threatens Rain.

Let nothing then, thy good Intentions cross;

Nor Sense of present Ill, nor Dread of future Loss:

For what may be, alas! thou know'st no more,

Then whence the Winds, what makes them cease,
[what roar:

F

Or

Or when, and How, Souls into Bodies come,

Or how the sev'ral Parts are form'd within the
[Womb.

Mysterious Providence has Ways like These,

To *Bless*, or *Blast*, by unobserv'd Degrees.

Give frequent *Alms*, let Things or smile, or frown,

This may do good perhaps, if *That* do none;

But surely *All* will bring Heav'n's Bounty down.

Not *Light*, nor *All it shows*, such Joys can give!

These are true *Pleasures*, and for *These* we live!

Yer, If thou'rt with a healthful Body Blest,

With outward Goods, long Life, and inward Rest,

Rejoice, I not forbid; 'Tis fit; But then

Reflect it's fading All, and All to come as vain.

Banish all melancholly Thoughts and Fears,

Be Mirth the Entertainment of thy greener Years;

But don't forget, *Young Man*, God will demand

A strict Account of All, from *Ev'ry Hand*.

O then suppress the Mind's immod'rate Heat,
 And boiling Lust, when in a raging Fit ;
 Thus warn'd *beware*: For, take it as a Truth,
 Nothing more foolish than our *Childish Youth*.

Chap. 12th.

While active Blood around the Body flies,
 In search of Pleasure, and untasted Joys ;
 While nimble Spirits in each lab'ring Vein,
 With thick Successions do the Chase maintain ;
 Mind the Creator from all Changes free,
 The Author of the World, of Happiness, and Thee.
 The Fated Revolution comes apace,
 And Youth reluctant must to Age give Place ;
 The Soul no more it's former Vigour know,
 Faint the Reflection, and the Mem'ry flow.

Dull the Desire, condemn'd to Indolence,
 And never, but in Pain, t enjoy a quicker Sense.
 Courage no more, the trembling Arms confess,
 A doubtful Weight the weaker Limbs does press.
 Not the fresh Blushes of the op'ning Day,
 Nor brighter Glories of a fiercer Ray,
 Nor shining Beauties can affect unseen,
 'Tis Darknes all without, 'tis Darknes all within.
 Or vanish'd, or in furrow'd Wrinkles lost,
 The Face no more it's former Bloom can boast.
 The restless Limbs a restless Mind betray,
 Short are His Slumbers, and He groans for Day:
 Not Music with it's Charms can longer move,
 Awake the sleepy Soul, and fire the Breast with
 [Love.
 A jealous Fancy forms a thousand Fears;
 And Death approaches with His hoary Hairs:

His

His wretched State is void of all Relief,
Each Part Self-burden'd is a constant Grief :
Nature decaying yields, nor Time will bring
A fresh returning Life, with the returning Spring.
Sapless the Bones, and now subsides the Brain ;
The Nerves shrink up, nor can their Force retain :
Too weak the Heart for Circulation grown,
Stagnates the Blood, no Pulse to push it on.
Thus the fam'd Compound's gradually destroy'd,
Too soon, alas ! too soon, of Sense and Motion
[void.
Then must We fall into our destin'd Grave,
And Dust with Dust it's native Dwelling have ;
The Spirit mount the gay *Ethereal* Road,
There seek the Dwelling of th' *Immortal God*.

What Reason now to *End* as I *Began*,
All here below's *inconstant, empty, vain.*

Mind

Mind, as from God I Heav'nly Wisdom fought,
 These Truths the *Sacred Inspiration* brought;
 Nor can'st thou be deceiv'd in what I've taught.
 Much I have written, and for *Public Good*,
 In Language easie to be understood;
 And constantly profess in what I do,
 To make all *Pleasant, Useful, and all True*.
 And should not wise Instructions urge us on,
 In search of *Solid Happiness*, or *None*?
 Such too wherein the *Priest-hood* all agree
 With the *Learn'd Preacher*, and the *Spirit* with *Me*.

Then be advis'd, as from Paternal Love,
 No more through Books for Satisfaction rove.
 Let *This* suffice, thou'lt but learn'd Nonsense Read,
 In the Dull bulky Volumns of the Dead:

For

For *after all*, would'st thou compute thy Gains,
There's only so much Loss of *Spirit, Time* and
[*Brains.*]

I'll sum up all, and in a Word conclude,
Tis *God*, thou seest, Who is *supremely Good*.
Religion more than *points* the Way to Bliss,
For O our Duty's *present Happiness*.
But, when the awful solemn Day shall come,
And *Justice* will award to Each his *Doom* ;
When *Hell* shall be the stupid Sinners *Fate*,
What *Crowns*, what *Heavenly Joys* the smiling
[*Saints* await !]

The first word of the Gospel is
The word of the Lord is with you and
[faint text]

The word of the Lord is with you and
The word of the Lord is with you and
The word of the Lord is with you and
The word of the Lord is with you and

8 The word of the Lord is with you and
The word of the Lord is with you and
The word of the Lord is with you and
The word of the Lord is with you and

The word of the Lord is with you and
The word of the Lord is with you and
20 JY 64